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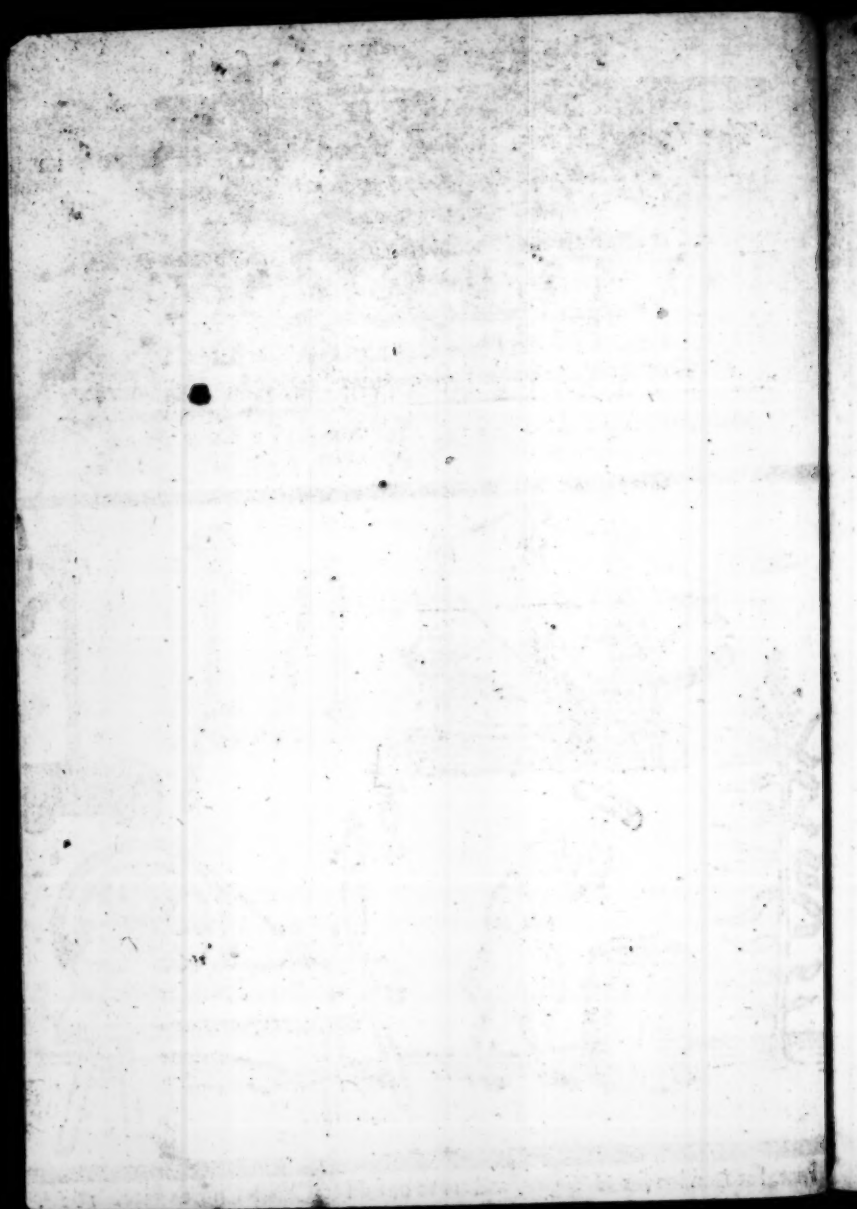
### The Development of the American System of Trade

**By JOHN TAYLOR**

The Contents of the Books are in the next Leaf before the Reader

The profits arising by Hempseed are {Clothing, food, sitting, sleeping,  
Pleasure, profits, justice, whipping.







# TO THE RIGHT WORSHIPFULL PATERNES

and PATRONS of honest endeauours,  
Sir THOMAS HOVVET, and Sir ROBERT  
WISEMAN Knights : And to the worthy  
Gentleman, Mr. IOHN WISEMAN,  
health, mirth, and happinesse  
be euer attendants.

---

NOBLE SIRs:



*Could haue soyled a greater volume  
then this, with a deale of emptie and  
triuiall stuffe : as puling Sonnets,  
rhyming Elegies, the Dog-trickes of  
Loue, toyes to mocke Apes, and trans-  
forme Men into Asses. which kinde  
of writing is like a Man in authority,  
ancient in yeeves, reuerend in Beard,  
with a promising out-side of Wisdome and gravity, yet in the  
expected performances of his profound understanding, his  
capacity speakes nothing but Mittimus. But here your wor-  
ships shall finde no such Stuffe : for though I haue not done  
as well as I should, yet I haue performed as much as I could.  
I haue not had Riuers of Oyle, or Fountaines of Wine to*

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

fill this my poore Caske or Booke: but I haue (as it were) extracted Oyle out of Steele, and Wine out of drie Chaffe. I haue here of a Graine of Hemp-seed made a Mountaine greater then the Apenines or Caucasus, and not much lesser then the whole world. Here is labour, profit, cleathing, pleasure, food, Navigation: Diuinity, Poetry, the liberall Artes, Armes, Vertues defence, Vices offence; a true mans protection, a Thieves Execution. Here is mirth and matter all beaten out of this small Seed.

With all, my selfe for my selfe, and in the behalfe of Mr. Roger Bird, doe most humbly thanke your worships for many former vnderfernd courtesies and fauours extended towards vs, especially at our going our dangerous Voyage in the Paper-boat: for which we must euer acknowledge our selues bound to your goodnesse. Which Voyage I haue merrily related at the end of this Pamphlet, which with the rest I haue made bold to Dedicate to your worshipfull and worthy Patronages, humbly desiring your pardons and acceptances, neuer remaining to be commanded by you and yours in all obsequiousnesse.

Iohn Taylor.





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of this *BOOKE*.

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Need  
But  
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Hemp  
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Eph  
But let  
And



A

# PREAMBLE, PREATROT,

Preagallop, Prearacke, Preapace, or  
Preface; and Preface my Masters, if  
your stomackes serue.



Ooke, goe thy wayes,  
and honest mirth prouoke:  
And spightfull spirits  
with Melancholy choake.  
Booke, I command thee,  
where thou dost resort,  
To be the bad mens terror,  
good mens sport,

Nere as thou canst, I pray thee doe not misse,  
But make them vnderstand what Hemp-seed is.

Me thinkes I heare some knauish foolish head,  
Accuse, condemne, and iudge before he read:  
Saying, the fellow that the same hath made,  
Is a mechanicke Waterman by trade:

And therefore cannot worth the reading be,  
Being compil'd by such an one as he.

Another spends his censure like Tom-Ladle,  
(Brings in his fine eggs, foure of them were adle)  
Mewes and makes faces, yet scarce knowes whats what:  
Hemp-seed (quoth he,) what can be writ of that?

Thus these deprauiing mindes their iudgements scatter,  
Either against the Writer or the Matter.

But let them (if they please) reade this Preamble  
And they will finde that I haue made a scambles.

## A Preamble.

*To shew my poore plentifull want of skill,  
 How Hemp-seed doth deserve, preserve, and kill.  
 I muse that neuer any ex'lent wit,  
 Of this forgotten subiect yet hath writ?  
 The theme is rich, although esteemed meane,  
 Not scurrulous, prophane, nor yet obscene.  
 And such a taske may well become a Quill  
 To blaze it, that hath all the grounds of skill.  
 This worke were no dishonour or abuse,  
 To Homer, Quid, or to Maroes Muse.  
 A thousand Writers for their Arte renown'd,  
 Haue made farre baser things their studies ground.  
 That men haue cause to raile'gainst fruitlesse Rimes,  
 (Vainly compil'd in past and present times,)  
 And say, O Hemp-seed, how art thou forgotten  
 By many Poets that are dead and rotten?  
 And yet how many will forget thee still,  
 Till they put on a Tiberne Pickadill?*

**The names of** Erasmus, that great Clerke of Rotterdam,  
**most of such** In praise of Folly many lines did frame:  
**Authors or** The summe and pith of all his whole intents  
**their Works,** Shewes Fooles are guiltie, and yet innocents.  
**as haue writ** Another, briefly, barely did relate  
**upon may** The naked honour of a bare bald Pate:  
**poore objects** And for there's not a haire 'twixt them and heav'n,  
 The tulle of tall men to them is giuen:  
 And sure they put their foes in such great dread,  
 That none dare stouch a haire upon their head.  
 Mountgomery, a fine Scholler did compile  
 The Cherry and the Sloe in learned stile.  
 Homer wrote brauely of the Frog and Rat,  
 And Virgil versifide upon a Gnat.  
 Quid set forth the arte of lustfull Loue:  
 Another wrote the Trefise of a Doue.  
 One with the Grasshopper doth keepe a rut,  
 Another rimes upon a Hazell Nut.  
 One with a neat Sophisticke Paradoxe  
 Sets forth the commendations of the Poz.

## A Preamble.

Signeur Inamorato's Muse doth sing  
In honour of his Mistris Gloue or Ring,  
Her Maske, her Fanne, her Pantofle, her Glasse,  
Her Any thing can turne him to an Asse.  
Plinie and Aristotle write of Bees,  
Some write of beggeries twenty foure degrees.  
One of the Owle did learnedly endite,  
And brought the night-bird welcome to day-light.  
A second did defend with tooth and naile  
The strange contentment men may finde in Tayle.  
A third doth the third Richard much commend,  
And all his bloody actions doth defend.  
A fourth doth shew his wits exceeding quicknesse,  
In praise of Fauerne healths and drunken sicknesse,  
A fift doth toyle his Muse quite out of breath,  
Of aduerse fortune, banishment or death.  
A sixt the very firmament doth harrow,  
Writes of the Parrat, Popinjay and Sparrow,  
The Storke, the Cuckoe: nothing can escape,  
The Horle, Dogge, Asse, Foxe, Ferret, and the Ape.  
Monsieur de Gallia writes all night till noone,  
Commending highly Tennis or Baloune.  
Anothers Muse as high as Luna flies,  
In praise of hoarfnesse, dropfies, and bleare-eyes,  
The Gout, Sciatica, scabd hams, small legs:  
Of thred-bare cloakes, a Jewes trump, or potch'd eggs.  
One, all his wit at once, in Rime discloses  
The admirable honour of red-noses:  
And how the nose magnificat doth beare  
A tincture, that did neuer colour feare.  
One doth heroick it throughout our coast,  
The vertue of muld-sacke, and ale and toast.  
Another takes great paines with inke and penne,  
Approving fat men are true honest men.  
One makes the haughty vauity welkin ring  
In praise of Custards and a Bag-pudding.  
Another, albe labours, Inke and paper,  
Exalting dauncing, makes his Muse to capers

## A Preamble.

*Another's humor will nothing allow  
 To be more profitable then a Cow,  
 Licking his lips, in thinking that his theme  
 Is Milke, Cheefe, Butter, Whay, Whig, Curds, and Creame,  
 Leather and Veale, and that which is most chiefe  
 Tripes, Chitterlings, or fresh or powder'd Beefe.  
 A number haue contagiously rehearsed  
 And on Tobacco vapouriz'd and versed,  
 Maintaining that it was a Drug deuine  
 Fit to be seru'd by all the Sisters nine:  
 Yet this much of it, I shall euer thinke,  
 The more men stirre in it, the more 'twill stinke.  
 A learned Knight, of much esteeme and worth,  
 A pamphlet of a Priuy did set forth,  
 Which strong breath'd Ajax was well lik'd, because  
 'Twas writ with wit and did deserve applause.  
 One wrote the Nightingale and lab'ring Ant,  
 Another of the Flea and th' Elephant,  
 Tom Nash a witty pamphlet did endue  
 In praise of Herrings, both the red and white.  
 And some haue writ of Maggots, and of Flies  
 A world of fables, fooleries, and lies.  
 And this rare Hempleed, that such profit brings,  
 To all estates of subjects, and of Kings,  
 Which rich commodities if man should lacke,  
 He were not worth a shirt vnto his backe.  
 And shall it no triumphant honour haue,  
 But lye dead, buried in obliuions graue?  
 Some Critticks will perhaps my writings tax  
 With falshood, and maintaine their shirts are Flax,  
 To such as these, my answer shall be this,  
 That Flax the male & Hemp the female is,  
 And then engendring procreative seed  
 A thousand thousand helpes for man doth breed,  
 And as a man by glaucing vp his eye  
 Sees in the aire a flocke of wilde Geese flie:  
 And Ducks, and Woodcocks, of both sexes be  
 Though men doe name but one, for breuety.*

The mouth  
 of a common  
 obiection  
 stop.

Similies and  
 comparisons.

Thurs

## A Preamble.

*There's Ganders 'mongst the Geese, Hens with the Cocks;  
 Drakes with the Duckes, all male and female flock;  
 The Ewe, the Ram, the Lambe, and the fat Weather  
 In generall are called Sheepe together.  
 Harts, Stags, Buckes, Does, Hinds, Roes, Faunes, every where  
 Are in the generality call'd Deere.  
 So Hempe and Flax, or which you list to name  
 Are male and female, both one, and the same.  
 Those that 'gainst these comparisons deride,  
 And will not with my lines be saide,  
 Let them imagine, e're they doe condemne  
 I loue to play the foole with such as them.  
 The cause why Hempsced hath endur'd this wrong  
 And hath it's worthy praise obscur'd so long,  
 I doe suppose it to be onely this  
 That Poets know their insufficiency  
 That were Earth paper, and Sea ink, they know  
 'Twere not enough great Hempsceds worth to show.  
 I muse the Pagans, with variety,  
 Of godlesse gods, made it no deity.  
 The Egyptians to a Bull, they Apis nam'd  
 A temp'le most magnificent they fram'd,  
 The Ibis, Crocodile, a Cat, a Dog,  
 The Hippopotomy, beetles, or a Frog.  
 Ichneumons, Dragons, the Wolfe, Aspe, Eele, and Ram,  
 (Base beastly gods, for such eurst sonnes of Cham,  
 Who were so with idolatry mislead,  
 They worship'd Onions, and a Garlick head,  
 King Iereboam for his Gods did take,  
 Two golden Calues, and the true God forsake.  
 The Philistims, and the Asserians,  
 The Persians and Babilonians,  
 Samaritans, and the Arabians,  
 The Thebans, Spartans, and Athenians,  
 The Indians, Partians, and the Libians  
 The Brittaines, Gallians, and Hibernians:  
 Since the first Chace, or creation  
 Idolatry hath crept in every nation.*

Here follows  
 the names of  
 most of the  
 heathen gods  
 and idols.

If these peo-  
 ple had tasted  
 but a messe  
 of Tewsbury  
 mustard they  
 would surely  
 haue honou-  
 red it for a  
 god or feared  
 it as a diuell.

## A Preamble

*And as the diuell did mens mindes inspire,  
Some worshipt earth, some ayre, or water, fire;  
Windes, Riuers, Rainbow, Stars, and Moone and Sun:  
Ceres and Bacchus riding on his tun,  
Mars, Saturne, Ioue, Apollo, Mercury,  
Priapus and the Queene of lechery,  
Vulcan, Diana, Pluto, Proserpine,  
Pomona, Neptune, and Pans piping shrine:  
Old Beldam Berecynthia: Stones and Trees  
Bewitched creatures worshipt on their knees.  
Baal, Baalzebub, Nisroth, the Diuell, and Dagon,  
Astaroth, Rimmon, Belus, Bell, the Dragon:  
Flies, fooles, hawkes, madmen; any thing they saw,  
Their very Priuies they did serue with awe:  
And they did sacrifice, at sundry feasts:  
Their children vnto diuels, stockes, stones and beasts.  
O had these men the worth of Hempseed knowne,  
Their blinded zeale (no doubt) they would haue shewne  
In building Temples, and would Altars frame,  
Like Ephesus to great Dianaes name.  
And therefore, Marchants, Mariners, people all  
Of all trades, on your marrow-bones downe fall:  
For you could neither rise, or bite or sup,  
If noble Hempseed did not hold you vp.*

*And Reader now I thinke it is fit time  
To come vnto the matter with my rime.  
But iudge not till you haue well read and scan'd,  
And aske your selues if you doe vnderstand:  
And if you can, doe but this fauour shew,  
Make no ill faces, cry not tush and mew:  
For though I dare not brag, I dare maintaine  
True Censurers will iudge I haue tane paine.  
Vnto the wise I humbly doe submit:  
For those that play the fooles for want of wit,  
My poore reuenge against them still shall be,  
He laugh at them whilst they doe scoffe at me.*





# THE PRAISE OF HEMPSEED.

Sweet sacred *Muses*, my invention raise  
Vnto the life, to write great *Hempseeds* praise.

This graine growes to a *Stalke*, whose *Coate* or *Skin*  
Good industry doth hatchell, *Twist*, and *Spin*;  
And for mans best aduantage and auailles  
It makes *Clothes*, *Cordage*, *Halters*, *Ropes* and *Sailes*.  
From this small *Atome*, mighty matter springs,  
It is the Art of *Navigations* wings;  
It spreads aloft, the lofty Skie it scales,  
Flies o're the great *Leuiathan* and *whales*,  
Diues to the boundlesse bottome of the Deepe,  
Where *Neptune* doth mongst dreadfull Monsters keep.  
From *Pole* to *Pole*, it cuts both Seas and Skies,  
From th' *Orient* to the *Occident* it flyes.  
Kings that are sundred farre, by Seas and Lands,  
It makes them (in a manner) to shake hands.  
It fills our Land with Plenty wonderfull,  
From th' *Esterne Indies*, from the great *Mogull*,  
From *France*, from *Portingale*, from *Venice*, *Spaine*,  
From *Denmarke*, *Norway*, it scuds o're the *Maine*.  
Vnto this Kingdome it doth wealth acruē  
From beyond *China*, farre beyond *Peru*.  
From *Belgia*, *Almaine*, the *West-Indies*, and  
From *Guiny*, *Biny*, *Island*, *Newfound-land*:

With the  
Lead and the  
Anker.

It is an Instrument by the appointment of God for the increase of the Gospell of Christ.

This little *seed* is the great instrument  
 To shew the power of God Omnipotent,  
 Whereby the glorious Gospell of his Sonne  
 Millions mislead soules hath from Sathan wonne.  
 Those that knew no God in the times of yore,  
 Now they their great Creator doe adore.  
 And many that did thinke they did doe well  
 To giue themselues a sacrifice to hell,  
 And seru'd the diuell with th'inhumane slaughters  
 Of their vnhappy haplesse sons and daughters:  
 Now they the remnant of their liues doe frame  
 To praise their Makers and Redeemers name.  
 Witnesse *Virginia*, witnesse many moe,  
 Witnesse our selues, few hundred yeares agoe,  
 When in Religion, and in barbarous natures,  
 We were poore wretched misbeleewing creatures.  
 How had Gods Preachers faild to sundry coasts,  
 T'instruct men how to know the Lord of Hosts?  
 But for the sayles which he with winde doth fill  
 As seruants to accomplish his great will.  
 But leauing this high supernat'ral straine,  
 I'll talke of *Hemp-seed* in a lower vaine.  
 How should we haue *Gold, Siluer, Iems, or Jewels,*  
*Wine, Oyle, Spice, Rice,* and diuers sorts of *Fewels*:  
*Fond* for the belly, *Cloathing* for the back,  
*Silke, Sattin, Velvet,* any thing we lack,  
 To serue necessity? How could we get  
 Such plenteous sorts of *Fish*, but with the net?  
 The *Smelts, Roche, Salmon, Flounder* and the *Dace*,  
 Would in fresh riuers keepe their dwelling place.  
 The *Ling, Cod, Herring, Sturgeon*, such as thele  
 Would liue and die in their owne natie seas.  
 Without this *seed* the *whale* could not be caught,  
 Whereby our *Oyles* are out of *Greenland* brought.

### *The praise of Hemp-seed.*

3

Nay wer't not for the Net made of this *seed*,  
Men could not catch a *Sprat* whereon to feed,  
Besides, it lib'rally each where bestowes  
A living vpon thousands where it growes;  
As *Beaters*, *Spinners*, *Weavers*, and a crue  
Of *halter-makers* which would scarce liue true,  
But for th'imploiment which this little *graine*  
Doth vse them in, and payes them for their paine.  
The *Rope-makers*, the *Net-makers*, and all  
Would be trade-falne, for their trade would fall.  
Besides, what multitudes of *Fishers* are  
In euery Sea-towne, numbers past compare,  
Whilest they, their seruants, children and their wiues  
From *Hemp-seed* get their living all their liues.  
The *Fish-mongers* would quickly goe to wrack,  
The lack of this *seed*, would be their great lack,  
And be'ng now rich, and in good reputation,  
They would haue neither *Hall* nor *Corporation*.  
And all that they could buy, or sell, or barter,  
Would scarce be worth a *gubbin* once a quarter.  
The mounting *Larke*, that seemes so high to fly,  
Vntill she seeme no greater then a *Flie*;  
And to the flaming Sunne doth chirp and prate,  
Doth in the Net come to her ending date.  
My neighbour *Woodcock*, *Buzzard*, and the *Gull*,  
And *Phillip Sparrow* all most plentifull.  
All sorts of faire Fowle, or the foulest Fowle,  
From the degree of th'*Eagle* to the *Owle*,  
Are with ingenious Iins, Grins, Nets and Snares  
For mans reliefe oft taken vnawares:  
*Deeres*, *Hares*, and *Conies* would too much abound,  
And ouer-run the bearing breeding ground,  
And *Weazels*, *Polcats*, *Wildcats*, *Stoats* and such  
Like spoiling vermin, would annoy men much,

Mirth and  
Truth are  
good com-  
panions,

But

*The praise of Hemp-seed.*

But for *Toyles, Hayes, for Traps, for Snares and Grins,*  
 Which bring ovs food, and profit by their skins.  
 No Plowman liues beneath the azure Cope,  
 But for his Plough or Cart, must vse the rope:  
 No hostler liues in ours, or other lands,  
 But makes the halters, Horses falling bands.  
*Bells* would hang dead within the lofty Steeple  
 And neuer call to Church forgetfull people,  
 Mute like a bagpipe, that hath lost his bag,  
 Except the bell-ropes made the Clappers wag.  
 It were an endlesse taske to goe about it,  
 To reckon those that cannot liue without it.  
 Alas what would our silken Mercers be?  
 What could they doe (sweet Hempseed) but for thee?  
*Rash, Taffata, Paropa, and Nowato,*  
*Shag, Fillizetta, Damaske and Mockado,*  
 No *Veluets, Piles, two Pile Pile* and halfe *Pile,*  
 No *Plushes, or Grograines,* could adorne this Ile,  
 No cloth of *Siluer, Gold, or Tissue,* here:  
*Philip* and *Cheiny* neuer would appeare  
 Within our bounds, nor any *Flanders Serge*  
 Could euer come within our kingdomes verge:  
 Should *Mercers* want these things, with diuers more  
 Their trade were nothing, or else very poore.  
 This seed doth helpe the *Grocer* euery season,  
 Or else his wisdome could not yeeld a *Reason*;  
 He could not long be *Currant* in his state,  
 And (scarcely worth a *Fig*) would end his *Date*.  
 For *Cloues* his credit would be clouen quicke,  
 Nor from the *Loafe* or *Lumpe,* his lips could lick:  
 No *Nutmegs, Liquoris,* or biting *Graines*  
 Or *Almonds* for a *Parrat* were his gaines,  
*Sans Ginger* weakly he would run his *Race,*  
 And poultry *Mace,* would put downe *Indian Mace:*

Heres good  
 stufte quoth  
 Hix his boy.

And

## The praise of Hempseed.

5

And he vnable (though his want of pelfe  
 To pepper vs, or yet to prune himfelfe.  
 The *Draper* of his wealth would much be shorted,  
 But that our *Cloathes* and *Kerfies* are transported,  
 Our *Costons*, *Penifstones*, *Frizadoes*, *Baze*,  
 Our sundry sorts of *Frizes*, blackes and grayes.  
 And *Linnen Drapers*, but for a transportation,  
 Could hardly *Canuase* out their Occupation  
*Hemp-seed* doth yeeld, or else it doth allow  
*Lanne*, *cambricke*, *holland*, *Canuase*, *callico*,  
*Normandy*, *Hambrough*, strong *Poledauis*, *Lockram*.  
 And to make vp the Rime (with reason) *Buckram*.  
 The *Gold-Smiths* state would totter and vnsettle,  
 And he could be a man of no good mettle,  
 Were't not for *Sailes* and *Ropes*, that *Ships* doe rig,  
 That bring *Gold*, *Siluer*, many a *Sow* and *Pig*:  
 Which makes them by an admirable skill,  
 To liue by that which many a *horse* doth kill,  
 Which is the fashious; for continually  
 They sell the fashion, but they feldome buy.  
 And braue wine *Merchants*, little were your gaine,  
 By *Malegoes*, *Canaries*, *Sacke* from *Spaine*:  
 Sweet *Allegani*, and the concocted *Cute*,  
*Hollock* and *Tent* would be of small repute.  
 Your *Bastards* their owne fathers would forget,  
 Nor they our *Gossips* lips no more would wet.  
 The winde no *Muskadell* could hither bandy,  
 Or sprightfull *Malmsiey* out of fruitfull *Candy*.  
*Latica* or *Crisica* could not  
 From their owne bearing, breeding bounds be got.  
*Peter-se-mea*, or head-strong *Charnico*,  
*Sherry*, nor *Rob-o-Dany* here could flowe.  
 The French *Frominiacke*, *Claret*, *Red* nor *White*,  
*Graves* nor *High-Country* could our hearts delight.

A Gold Smith  
 and a Tayler  
 liue by that  
 which will  
 kil a horse.

O all you Ba-  
 chanalian  
 drunkards  
 honour  
*Hempseed*.

The praise of Hempseed.

No *Gascogne*, *Orleance*, or the *Chrystall Sherrans*,  
Nor *Rhenish*, from the *Rheine* would be apparant.  
Thus *Hempseed*, with these wines, our Land doth spread  
Which if we want, wine *Merchants* trades were dead.

The *Vintners* trade were hardly worth a rush,  
Vnable to hang vp a *Signe*, or *Bush* :  
And wer't not for this small forgotten *Graine*  
Their coniuring at midnight would be vaine.  
Anon, anon would be forgotten soone,  
And he might score a *pudding* in the *Moone*,  
But not a *pinte* of *Claret* in the *Sunne*,  
Because the empty *Hogshead* could not runne.  
His blushing *Lattice* would looke pale and wan,  
Nor could he long be a well liquord man :  
No more could all his regiments of pots  
Affright men daily, with scores, bills, and shots.

The *Taylers* trade would hardly get them bread  
If *Hempseed* did not furnish them with thread :  
And though it be a terror to most *Theeues*,  
Yet it this Occupation neuer grieues,  
They loue it, *blacke*, *browne*, *yellow*, *greene*, *red*, *blew*,  
Which is a *signe*, that *Taylers* must be true.

The worthy Company, of warme lin'd *Skimmers*,  
Would in short space be miserable sinners  
If *Hempseed* did not oft supply their Boxes  
With *Russian Sables*, *Minners*, and *Foxes* :  
With *Bearas*, and *Budges*, and rare powdered *Ermines*,  
And with the skins of diuers *Beasts* and *Fermines*,

The *Haberdasher* of small Ware, would be  
In small time, a man of small degree :  
If *Hempseed* did not helpe him by the great,  
Small would his *Gaines* be, to buy clothes or meate.  
Then might his wares be rightly termed small  
Which would be either few, or none at all.

## The praise of Hempseed.

And Diers, though you doe no colours feare  
Tis Hempseed that doth you to riches reare,  
Woad, Madder, Indico, and Cutcheneale,  
Brazil, and Logwood, and abundant deale  
Of Drugs, which did they not your wants supply,  
You could not liue, because you could not Die.

*Apothecaries*, were not worth a pin,  
If Hempseed did not bring their commings in,  
*Oyles, Vnguen's, Sirrups, Mineralls, and Balmes,*  
(All Natures treasure, and th' Almighty's almes)  
*Emplaisters, simples, compounds, sundry drugs*  
With Necromantick names, like fearefull bugs,  
*Fumes, vomits, purges*, that both cures, and kills,  
*Extracts, conserues, preserues, potions, pills,*  
*Elixers, simples, compounds, distillations,*  
Gums in abundance, brought from forraigne Nations,  
And all, or most of these forenamed things  
Helpe health, preseruatiues, and riches brings.  
Ther's many a Gallant, dallying with a Drab  
Hath got the Spanish pip, or Naples scab,  
The Gallie Morbus, or the Scottish Fleas,  
Or English Pox, for al's but one disease.  
And though they were perfum'd with Cinnet hot  
Yet wanting these things they would stinke and rot,  
With gouts, consumptions, palsies, lethargies,  
With apoplexies, Squincies, pleurisies,  
Cramps, cataracts, the teare-throat cough and risicke  
From which, to health men are restor'd by Physicke.

*Agues, quotidian, quartane, tertian, or*  
The leprosie, which all men doe abhorre.  
The stone, strangurie, botches, biles, or blaines  
Head, aches, cankers, swarming of the braines,  
Ruptures, Hernia aquosa, or Canosa,  
Or the Eolian hernia veniosa.

They might  
liue to die  
poorely, but  
not die to  
liue rich.

A braue  
world for  
Phisitians  
and Surgions  
the while.

## The praise of Hemp-seed.

All *Dropsies, Collicks, Iauudizes, or Scabs,*  
*Gangrenaes, vlcers, Wounds,* and mortall stabs.  
*Illiac passions, Megrim., Mumps, or Mange,*  
 Contagious blouds, which through the *Veines* do range  
*Scurfes, meazels, murraine, Fluxes,* all these griefes,  
 Transported Medicines daily brings releefes,  
 Most seruiceable *Hempseed*, but for thee,  
 These helps for man could not thus scattered be.  
*Tobaccoes* fire would soone be quenched out,  
 Nor would it lead men by the *Nose* about:  
 Nor could the *Merchants* of such heathen *Docks*  
 From small beginnings, purchase mighty *Stockes*,  
 By follies daily dancing to their *Pipe*  
 Their States from rotten stinking *Weedes* grow ripe:  
 By which meanes they haue into Lordships run  
 The Clients being beggered, and vndone:  
 Who hauing smoak'd their land to Fire, and Aire  
 They whiffe and pisse themselves into dispaire.  
*Ouid* 'mongst all his *Metamorphosis*  
 Ne're knew a transformation like to this,  
 Nor yet could *Oedipus* e're vnderstand,  
 How to turne Land to Smoake, or Smoake to Land.  
 For by the meanes of this bewitching smother,  
 One Element is turn'd into another,  
 As Land to Fire, Fire into Aery matter,  
 From Aire, (too late repenting) turnes to water.  
 By *Hempseed* thus, *Fire, Water, Aire, Earth,* all  
 Are chang'd by *Pudding, Lease, Rowle, Pipe, and ball.*  
 Lip licking *Comfit-makers*, by whose trade,  
 Dainties come thou to me, are quickly made:  
*Baboones, and Hobby-horses, Owles and Apes,*  
*Swans, Geese, Dogs, Woodcocks,* and a world of shapes,  
 Castles for Ladies, and for Carpet Knights,  
 Vnmercifully spoyld at Feasting fights,

A strange  
 change, and  
 yet not stran-  
 ger then for  
 the women  
 of these times  
 to be turned  
 to the shapes  
 of men.

Where



## The praise of Hemp-seed.

9

Where battering bullets are fine sugred *Plums*;  
 No feare of roaring Guns, or thundring Drums:  
 There's no tantarra, fa fa fa, or force  
 Of man to man, or warlike horse to horse;  
 No mines, no countermines, no pallizadoes,  
 No parrapets, or seeret ambuscadoes,  
 Of bloud and wounds, and dismall piercing *Lances*  
 Men at this fight are free from such mischances.  
 For many gallants, guilded swords doe weare,  
 Who fight these battels without wit or feare.  
 All striving as they did for honour thirst;  
 All greedy which can giue the onset first;  
 Each one contending in this *Candied* coyle,  
 To take most *prisoners*, and put vp most *spoyle*.  
 Retiring neuer when they doe assaile,  
 But most aduentrouslly, with tooth and naile,  
 Raze, ruinate, demolish, and confound,  
 The sugred fabrick leuell with the ground.  
 And hauing laid the buildings thus along,  
 They *swallow downe*, and *pocket up* the wrong.  
 That who so that way afterwards doe passe,  
 Can see no signe where such a Castle was:  
 For at these warres most commonly 'tis scene,  
 Away the *Victors* carry all things cleane.  
 It fortunes in these battels now and then  
*women* are better souldiers farre then *men*:  
 Such sweet mouth'd fights as these doe often fall  
 After a *Christning* or a *funerall*.  
 Thus *Hemp* the *Comfit-makers* doth supply,  
 From them that newly liue, and newly dye.  
 If the black *Indians* or *Newcastle Coales*  
 Came not in Fleets, like fishes in their shoales,  
 The rich in Gownes and Rugs themselues might fold,  
 But thousands of the poore would starue with cold.

Sweet wars,  
 and dange-  
 rous tooth-  
 valours.

The commo-  
 dities of those  
 black Indies  
 are woorth  
 more white  
 money to vs,  
 then either  
 the East or  
 West Indies  
 will euer be  
 profitable.

*The praise of Hemp-seed.*

*Smiths, Breners, Diers*, all estates that liues  
 This little Seed seruice or comfort giues.  
 For why, our kingdome could not serue our turne  
 For *Londons* vfe, with wood seauen yeares to burne:  
 And which way then could coales supply our need,  
 But by th' *Almighties* bounty and this Seed?  
 You braue *Neptunians*, you salt-water crew,  
 Sea-plowing *Mariners*; I speake to you:  
 From *Hemp* you for your selues and others gaine  
 Your *sprit-sayle*, *fore-sayle*, *top-sayle*, and your *maine*,  
*Top* and *top-gallant*, and your *mizzen abast*,  
 Your *coursers*, *bonnets*, *drablers*, *fore* and *ast*,  
 The *sheets*, *tacks*, *boliers*, *braces*, *halliards*, *tyes*,  
*Shrouds*, *railings*, *lanyards*, *tackles*, *lifts*, and *gues*,  
 Your *marlines*, *ropeyarnes*, *gaskets*, and your *staves*,  
 These for your vfe, small *Hemp seed* vp doth raise:  
 The *boighrope*, *boatrope*, *guestrope*, *cartr rope*, *portrope*,  
 The *bucket-rope*, the *bolt-rope*, *long* or *short rope*,  
 The *entering rope*, the *top-rope*, (and the rest  
 Which you that are acquainted with know best:)  
 The *lines* to sound in what depth you doe slide,  
*Cables* and *Hauser*, by which ships doe ride:  
 All these, and many more then I can name,  
 From this small seed, good industry doth frame.  
*Ships*, *Barks*, *Hoyes*, *Drumlers* *Craites*, *Boats*, all would sink,  
 But for the *Ocum* caulke'd in euery chink:  
 Th' vnmatched *Loadst* *me*, and best figur'd *Maps*  
 Might shew where forraigne *Countries* are (perhaps,)  
 The *Compass* (being rightly toucht) will show  
 The thirty two *points* where the windes doe blow  
 Men with the *Iacobs staffe* and *Astrolobe*,  
 May take the height and circuit of the *Globe*:  
 And sundry art like *instruments* shew cleare,  
 In what *Horizon* or what *Hemisphere*

Men sayle in through the raging ruthlesse deepe,  
And to what coast, such and such course to keepe;  
Guesing by th' *Artick* or *Antartick* Starre,  
*Climates* and *Countries* being neare or farre.  
But what can these things be of price or worth  
To know *degrees*, *heights*, *depths*, *East*, *West*, *South*, *North*?  
What are all these but shadowes, and vaine hopes,  
If ships doe either want their *sailes* or *ropes*?

And now ere I offend, I must confesse  
A little from my theame I will digresse;  
Striuing in verse to shew a liuely forme  
Of an impetuous *gust*, or deadly *storme*.  
Where vncontrolled *Hyperborean* blasts  
Tears all to ratters, *tacklings*, *sailes*, and *masts*:  
Where boysterous pusses of *Eurus* breath did hit,  
And 'mongst our *browds* and *Cordage* wildly whiz:  
Where thundring *Ioue* amidst his lightning flashing,  
Seem'd ouerwhelm'd with *Neptunes* mountain dashing:  
Where glorious *Titan* hid his burning light,  
Turning his bright *meridian* to black night:  
Where blustering *Eole* blew confounding breath,  
And thunders dreadfull larum threatned death:  
Where *Skies* and *Seas*, *Hayle*, *Winde* and flauering *Sleet*,  
As if they all at once had meant to meet  
In fatall opposition, to expire  
The *world*, and vnto *Chaos* back retire.  
Thus whilst the *windes* and *Seas*, contending gods,  
In rough robustious furie, are at ods,  
The beaten *ship* toft like a forcelesse feather,  
Now vp, now downe, and no man knowing whither:  
The *Topmast* sometime tilting at the Moone,  
And being vp doth fall againe as soone,  
With such precipitating low descent,  
As if to hells black kingdome downe she went.

A storme.

Poore ship that rudder, or no steerage feesles,  
 Sober, yet worse then any drunkard reeles,  
 Vnmannag'd, guidelesse, to and fro she wallowes,  
 Which (seemingly) the angry billowes swallowes.  
 Midst darknesse, lightning thunder fleet and raine,  
 Remorcesse windes, and mercy-wanting Mains,  
 Amazement, horror, dread, from each mans face  
 Had chas'd away lifes blood, and in the place  
 Was sad despaire, with haire heau'd vp, vpright,  
 With ashy visage, and with sad affright,  
 As if grim Death with his all-murdering Dirt,  
 Had ayming beene at each mans bloodlesse heart  
 Out cries the Maister, lower the top-saile, lower:  
 Then vp aloft runnes scrambling three or foure,  
 But yet for all their hurly-burly hast,  
 E're they got vp, downe tumbles sayle and mast.  
 Veare the maine sheat there, then the Maister cride,  
 Let rise the fore tack, on the larboord side:  
 Take in the fore-sayle, yare, good fellowes, yare,  
 Aluffe at helme there, ware no more, beware.  
 Steere South, South-east there, I say ware, no more,  
 We are in danger of the leeward shore,  
 Cleere your maine brace, let goe the bole in there,  
 Port, port, the helme hard, Romer come no neere.  
 Sound, found, heaue, heaue the lead, what depth,  
 Fadom and a halfe, three all. (what depth)  
 Then with a whiffe the windes againe doe puffe,  
 And then the Maister cries, aluffe, aluffe,  
 Make ready th'anker, ready th'anker hoe,  
 Cleere, cleere the boighrope, stedy, well steer'd, so:  
 Hale vp the Boat, in sprit-sayle there afore,  
 Blow winde and burst, and then thou wilt giue o're,  
 Aluffe, clap helme a lee, yea, yea, done, done,  
 Downe, downe alow into the hold, quick runne.

*There's*

## The praise of Hempseed.

13

There's a *Plawke* sprung, something in hold did break,  
 Pump *hulies*, *Carpenters*, quicke, stop the leake.  
 Once heave the *Lead* againe and sound *shaff*,  
 A *shafnet* lesse, seauen all,  
 Let fall the *Ancker* there, let fall, let fall,  
 Man, man the *Boat*, a *moat* hale, vp hale,  
 Top yer maine *Tard*, a port, *weere* *Cable* allow,  
 Go way a head the *Boat* there hog, dee row:  
 Well Pumpt *my hearts* of gold, who saies amends  
 East and by South, West and by North the wends.  
 This was a weather with a witnesse here,  
 But now we see the skies begin to cleere,  
 To dinner *hey*, and lets at *Ancker* ride,  
 Till windes grow gentler, and a smoother tide.

*I thinke I haue spoken* *Heathen-Greeke*, *Vtopian*, or *Bermudian*,  
 so a great many of my Readers, in the description of this storm,  
 but indeed I wrote it onely for the vnderstanding Mariners  
 reading, I did it three yeeres since, and I could not finde a fitter  
 place then this to insert it, or else it must haue laine in silence.  
 But so proceed to my former theme of Hempseed.

The *Shoe-maker* and *Cobler*, with their *Ends*  
 One alwaies makes, and t'other euer mends:  
 Take away *Hemp*, the *Sole* and vpper *Leather*  
 I know could neuer well be sow'd together.  
 And for the *Cobler* it appeareth plaine  
 That hee's the better *Workman* of the swaine,  
 For though a *Shoe-maker* in art excell,  
 And makes his *Shoes* and *Boots* neuer so well:  
 Yet euermore it is the *Coblers* trade  
 To mend the *Worke* the *Shoe-maker* hath made.  
 The *Cobler* (like a *Iustice*) takes delight  
 To set men that doe walke aside, vp right.

The chara-  
 cter of a *Cob-*  
*ler*.

D

And

And though he looke blacke, as he carried Coles,  
 He daily mendeth desperate wicked Soles :  
 Though Crownes and Angels may perhaps be scant,  
 Yet store of Picces he doth neuer want :  
 And let his worke be ended well or ill,  
 Here's his true honour, he is Mending still.  
 And this his life and Occupation is,  
 And thus he may thanke *Hemp seed* for all this,  
 For *Hempseed*, if men rightly vnderstand,  
 Is knowne the greatest Iustice in a Land :  
 How could men trauell safely, here and there,  
 If *Hempseed* did not keepe a Theefe in feare ?  
 No man within his house could liue or rest  
 For villaines, that would pilfer and molest,  
 And breake downe Walls, and rife Chests and Trunks  
 To maintaine drinking, dicing, Knaues and Punks :  
 That many a one that's wealthy ouer-night  
 Would ere the breake of day be begger'd quite :  
 Worth thousands lately, now not worth a groat,  
 And hardly scapes the cutting of his throat.  
 No doubt but many a man doth liue and thriue,  
 Which (but for *Hempseed*) would not be aliue :  
 And many a Wife and Virgin doth escape  
 A rude deflouring, and a barbarous Rape :  
 Because the *Halter* in their mindes doe run,  
 By whom these damned deeds would else be done.  
 It is a *Bullmarke* to defend a Prince,  
 It is a Subjects Armour and Defence :  
 No *Poniard*, *Pistoll*, *Halbert*, *Pike*, or *Sword*,  
 Can such defendiue, or sure Guard afford,  
 There's many a *Rascall* that would Rob, *purlaine*,  
*Pick-pockets*, and *Cut-purses*, clip and coine,  
 Doe any thing, or all things that are ill,  
 If *Hempseed* did not curbe his wicked will.

## The praise of Hempseed.

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'Tis not the breath, or Letter of the Law  
 That could keepe *Theeves* rebellious wills in awe:  
 For they (to save their lives) can vse persuasions,  
*Tricks, Sleights, Reprives*, and many strange evasions.  
 But *Tricke, Reprive, or Sleight*, or any thing  
 Could euer goe beyond a *Hempens* string.  
 This is *Lawes* period, this at first was made  
 To be sharpe *Iustice* executing *Blade*.  
 This *string* the *Hangmans* monthly keeps in tune,  
 More then the *Cuckoos* song in *May* or *Iune*,  
 It doth his *Wardrobe, coine, and stocke* vpreare,  
 In euery moneth, and quarter of the yeere.  
 Besides, it is an easie thing to proue,  
 It is a soueraigne remedy for Loue:  
 As thus, suppose your thoughts at houely strife  
 Halfe mad, and almost weary of your life,  
 All for the loue of some faire female creature,  
 And that you are entangled with her feature,  
 That you are sad, and glad, and mad and tame,  
 Seeming to burne in frost, and freeze in flame,  
 In one breath, sighing, singing, laughing, weeping,  
 Dreame as you walke, and waking in your sleeping,  
 Accounting houres for yeeres, and months for ages,  
 Till you enioy her, that your heart incages,  
 And she hath sent you answers long before  
 That her intent is not to be your Whore:  
 And you (for your part) meane vpon your life,  
 Ne're while you liue, to take her for your wife.  
 To end this matter, thus much I assure you,  
 A *Tiburne Hempens* candell well will cure you.  
 It can cure *Traysors*, but I hold it fit  
 Tapply't ere they the treason doe commit:  
 Wherefore in *Sparta* it cyleped was  
*Snickup*, which is in English *Gallow gaffe*.

Yet there  
 hath beene  
 two or three  
 naked Sessi-  
 ons, wherein  
 none hath  
 beene execu-  
 ted: by which  
 meanes he is  
 in danger of  
 breaking, or  
 Bankrup-  
 tisme; for the  
 Hangmans  
 Trade is  
 maintained  
 by Iustice, &  
 not by Mer-  
 cy.

The names  
 that diuers  
 Nations did  
 attribute to  
 Hempseed,



The *Libians* call'd it *Roona*, which implies,  
 It makes them die like birds 'twixt Earth and Skies,  
 The name of *Chok-wort* is to it assign'd,  
 Because it stops the venom of the kinde.  
 Some call it *Nack-weed*, for it hath a trick  
 To cure the neck that's troubled with the cricke.  
 For my part all's one, call it what you please,  
 'Tis soueraigne 'gainst each Common wealths disease,  
 And I doe wish that it may cure all those  
 That are my Soueraignes and my Countries foes.  
 And further, I would haue them searh'd and seent,  
 With care and skill when as their wounds be Greene,  
 For if they doe to a *Gangrena* runne,  
 There's little good by *Hempseed* can be done;  
 For could I know mens hearts, I hold it reason  
 To hang a Traytor in his thought of treason:  
 For if his thought doe growe vnto an act,  
 It helpes not much, to hang him for the fact.  
 But that example may a terror strike  
 To others, that would else attempt the like.

To end this point of *Hempseed*, thus in brieft  
 It helpes a true man, and it hangs a theefe.

*Rates, Imposts, Customes* of the Custome-house,  
 Would (at the best rate) scarce be worth a *Louse*:  
 Goods in and out, which daily Ships doe freight,  
 By guesse, by tale, by measure and by waight,  
 Which yeerely to such mighty summes amount,

In number numberlesse: or past account:  
 Were't not for *Hempseed*, it doth plaine appeare  
 These profits would not be a groat a yeare.

*Columbus, Cortois, Magellan* and *Drake*,  
 Did with this seed their great *Discoveries* make.  
*Braue Hawkins, Baskerville, Cauendish, Fennor, Best,*  
*Smith, Sherley, Rantigh, Newport, and the rest,*

The names  
 of many  
 braue disco-  
 uerers: Sir  
*Richard Grim-*  
*me, Charles*  
*Earle of Not-*  
*ingham, Henry*  
*Earle of*  
*Touche-bampton*



# The praise of Hemp seed

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web, Towerfon, willoughby, Sir Thomas Roe,  
The Lord la Ware, Probush, many more,  
Nichols, and Malum, Rolph, and Madleton,  
And Sir James Lancaster, and Withrington.  
And all the worthy things that these men did  
Without this seed had beene vndone, and hidg  
Fame ne're had trumpetted their noble names  
And quite forgotten were their acts and names.

The worlds seven wonders, wer't not for this *Graine*, The seven  
In poore Remembrance, or forgot had time Wonders.  
The Walls of Babel, sixty miles about,  
Two hundred foot in height, thicke fiftie foot  
Which Queene, Semiramis, in state did reare,  
Imployed three hundred thousand men every year.

Nor the great Image that at Rhodes was made  
Whose mettall did nine hundred Cammels lade  
The Piramides of Egypt, so renound  
At th' foot in compasse fortie acres ground  
The which in making twenty yeeres did then  
Imploy at worke thirty sixe thousand men.

The Toombe of Mausoll, King of Caria  
Built by his Queene, kinde Artimesia  
So wondrous made by Art and workmanship  
That skill of man could neuer it outstrip;  
'Twas long in building, and it doth appeare  
The charges of it, full two Millions were,

Dianes Temple built at Ephesus  
Had beene vnheard of, and vnknowne to vs,  
Which was two hundred twenty yeeres in building  
With Marble Pillars, and most sumptuous guilding.

The Image of Olimpinque Iupiter  
Had from Achaya not beene fam'd so farre  
Nor Pharos watch towre, which the world renownes  
which cost foure hundred fourescore thousand crowns,

Hyperbole.

I thinke it  
best to sow all  
our land with  
it euery third  
yeere, for  
now our  
bread and  
drinke corne  
growing out  
of the excre-  
ments of  
Beasts, makes  
vs to partici-  
pate of their  
beastly na-  
tures, as  
when Barly  
growes where  
Swine haue  
dungd, those  
that drinke  
the Ale or  
Beere made  
of that Malt,  
are many  
times as  
beastly as  
Swine, and as  
drunke as  
Hogs.

Thus without *Hempseed* we had neuer knowe  
These things, nor could they to the world be showane.  
O famous *Corias*, hadst thou come againe,  
Thou wouldst haue told vs newes, direct and plaine,  
Of *Tigers*, *Elephants*, and *Antelops*,  
And thousand other things, as thicke as *hops*,  
Of *Men* with long tailes, faced like to hounds,  
Of *Oysters*, one whose fish weigh'd forty pounds,  
Of *Spiders* greater then a Walnut shell  
Of the *Rhinoceros* thou wouldst vs tell,  
Of *Horses* tane with *Flankes*, of *Beares* and *Bulls*,  
Of *Men* with eares a span long, and of *Gulls*.  
As great as *Swans*, and of a bird call'd *Ziz*.  
Whose *Egges* will drown some threescore Villages,  
Of *Cranes*, and *Pigmyes*, *Lizzards*, *buzzards*, *Owles*,  
Of *Swine* with hornes, of thousand beasts and foules.  
All these, and more then I to minde can call  
Thou wouldst haue told vs, and much more then all,  
But that our expectations were prevented  
By *Death*, which makes thy friends much discontented.  
But farewell *Thomas*, neuer to returne  
Rest thou in peace within thy forraine *Prine*,  
*Hempseed* did beare thee ore theraging some,  
And o I wish it had returnd thee home,  
For if thou hadst come backe, as I did hope,  
Thy fellow had not beene beneath the Cope.  
But we must lose that which we cannot saue,  
And freely leaue thee, whom we cannot haue.  
Moreouer, *Hempseed* hath this vertue rare,  
In making bad ground good, good Corne to beare,  
It fats the Earth, and makes it to excell;  
No Dung, or Marle, or Mucke can doe so well:  
For in that Land which beares this happy seed,  
In three yeeres after it no Dung will need,

## The praise of Hemp-seed.

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Burſowe that ground with *Barly, wheate, or Rye*,  
 And ſtill it will encrease abundantly.  
 Beſides, this much I of my knowledge know,  
 That where *Hemp* growes. no ſtinking weed can grow,  
 No cockle, darnell, *henbane, tare, or nettle*,  
 Neere where it is can prosper, ſpring, or ſettle;  
 For ſuch *Antipathy* is in this ſeed,  
 Againſt each fruitleſſe vnderſeruing weed,  
 That it with feare and terror ſtrikes them dead,  
 Or makes them that they dare not ſhew their head.  
 And as in growing it all weeds doth kill;  
 So being growne it keepes it Nature ſtill,  
 For good Mens yles ſerues, and ſtill relieues,  
 And yeelds good *Whips and Ropes*, for *Rogues and Theeves*,  
 I could rehearſe of *Trades*, a number more,  
 Which but for *Hemp-ſeed* quickly would be poore:

As *Sadlers* for their *Elks-haire* to ſtuffe their *Saddles*,  
 And *Girſes*, and thouſand fiddle ſaddles;  
 But that Ie put my *Reader* out of doubts,  
 What a rich thing it is being worne to clowtes:  
 For now how it to *Paper* doth conuert  
 My poore vnable *Muſe* ſhall next inſert.  
 And therefore noble and ignoble men,  
 Iudge gently of the progreſſe of my *Pen*,  
*In forma pauperis*, poore men may ſue,  
 And I in forme of *Paper* ſpeake to you.  
 But *Paper* now's the ſubieſt of my booke,  
 And from whence *Paper* it's beginning tooke:  
 How that from little *Hempe* and *Flaxen* ſeeds,  
*Ropes, Halters, Drapery*, and our *Napery* breeds,  
 And from theſe things by *Art* and true endeuor,  
 All *Paper* is deriued whatſoeuer.  
 For when I thinke but how is *Paper* made,  
 Into *Philophy* I ſtraight waies wade:

How

How here, and there, and euery where lies scatter'd,  
 Old ruind rotten *Rags*; and *Ropes*, all tatter'd.  
 And some of these poore things perhaps hath beene  
 The Linnen of some Countesse, or some Queene,  
 Yet now lies on the Dunghill, bare, and poore,  
 Mix'd with the rags of some Baud, Theefe, or Whore.  
 And as these things haue beene in better states,  
 Adorning bodies of great Potentates,  
 And lies cast off, despised, scorn'd; dejected,  
 Trod vnder foot, contem'd and vnrespected,  
 By this our vnderstandings may haue seeing  
 That earthly honour hath no certaine being.  
 For who can tell from whence these tatters springs?  
 May not a torne Shirt of a Lords or Kings  
 Be pasht and beaten in the *Paper-mill*,  
 And made *Pot-paper*, by the Workmans skill?  
 May not the Linnin of a Tiburne slaue,  
 More honour then a mighty Monarke haue?  
 That though he dyed a Traytor most disloyall,  
 His Shirt may be transform'd to *Paper royall*.  
 And may not dirty Socks, from off the feet  
 From thence be turnd to a *Cronne-paper* sheet?  
 And Dunghill rags, by fauour, and by hap  
 May be aduanc'd aloft, to sheets of *Cap*?  
 As by desert, by fauour, or by chance  
 Honour may fall, and begg'ry may aduance,  
 Thus are these tatters Allegoricall,  
 Tropes, types, and figures, of mans rise or fall.

Thus may the Relicks of sincere diuines  
 Be made the Ground-werke of lasciuious lines,  
 And the cast Smocke that chaste *Lucretia* wore,  
 Beare bawdy lines betwixt a Knaue and Whore.

Thus may a *Brownists* zealous ruffe in print  
 Be turnd to Paper, and a Play writ in't,

## The praise of Hemp-seed

Oververses of a *May-pole*, or at least  
Injunctions for some stomache hating Fast.  
And truly 'twere prophane, and great abuse,  
To turne the brethrens Linnen to such use,  
As to make *Paper* on't, to beare a song,  
Or Print the superstitious *Latine* tongue,  
*Apo:ripha*, or *Ember-weekes*, or *Lent*,  
No holy brother surely will consent  
To such Idolatry, his Spirit and zeale  
Will rather trouble Church, and Common-weale.  
He hates the Fathers workes, and had much rather  
To be a bastard, then to haue a Father.  
His owne interpretation he'll afford,  
According to the Letter of a word,  
*Tropes*, *Allegories*, *Types*, *Similitudes*,  
Or *Figures*, that some mysticke sence includes,  
His humour can the meaning so vnfold  
In other fashions then the Fathers could:  
For he (dogmatically) doth know more  
Then all the learned Doctors knew before.  
All reuerend Ceremonies he'll oppose,  
He can make an *Organ* of his nose,  
And Spin his speech with such sincerity,  
As if his *Bridge* were false in verity.  
The *Cope*, and *Surplices* he cannot abide,  
Against the corner *Cap* he out hath cride,  
And calls them reedes of superstition,  
And liueries of the Whore of *Babylon*.  
The *Crosses* blessing he esteemes a curse,  
The *Ring* in marriage, out vpon't, 'tis worse.  
And for his kneeling at the *Sacrament*,  
In sooth he'll rather suffer banishment,  
And goe to *Amsterdam*, and line and die,  
E're he'll commit so much Idolatry.

He takes it for an outward scale or signe,  
 A little Consecrated *Bread and Wine*,  
 And though it from his blessed Sauiour come  
 His manners takes it sitting on his bum.  
 The Spirit still directs him how to pray,  
 Nor will he dresse his meat the Sabbath day,  
 Which doth a mighty Mystery vnfold,  
 His Zeale is hot, although his meat be cold.  
 Suppose his *Cat* on Sunday kill a *Rat*,  
 She on the Monday must be hang'd for that.  
 His faith keeps a continuall Holy-day,  
 Himselfe doth labour to keep it at play:  
 For he is read and deeply vnderstood,  
 That if his faith should worke't would doe no good,  
 A fine cleane fingerd Faith must saue alone,  
 Good woorkes are needlesse, therefore he'll doe none.  
 Yet patience doth his Spirit so much inspire,  
 He'll not correct a seruant in his ire,  
 But when the Spirit his hot fury layes,  
 He Congregates his folkes, and thus he sayes:  
 Attend good *Nichodemus*, and *Tobias*,  
 List to your reuerend Master *Ananias*,  
 And good *Aminadab*, I pray attend,  
 Here's my man *Ismael* highly did offend;  
 He told a lye, I heard his tongue to trip,  
 For which most surely he shall taste the Whip.  
 Then after some sententious learned speech,  
 The seruant humbly doth let fall his breech,  
 Mounts on his fellowes backe, as on a *Mule*,  
 Whilst his pure Master mounts his Rod of rule:  
 The boy in lying with his tongue did faile,  
 And thus he answers for it with his taile.  
 OVpright, Sincere, Holy execution,  
 Most patient, vnpolluted absolution,

The praise of Hemp-seed.

23

Shall *paper* made of Linnen of these men,  
Be staind with an vn-sanctified Pen?  
In sooth who ere doth so, bee't he or she,  
They little better then the wicked be,  
Children of *Sathan* and abomination,  
The brood of *Belials* cursed congregation,  
The bastard off-spring of the purple Whore,  
Who doe the *Babylons* beast adore.

From the Creation to the generall Flood,  
The name of *paper*, no man vnderstood:  
But by tradition still from Sire to Son,  
Men liuing knew the deeds by dead men done.  
Yet many things were in the *Deluge* sau'd,  
In stony Pillars charactered and grau'd.  
For the most part antiquitie agrees,  
Long since the Flood men writ in barks of trees:  
Which was obseru'd late in *America*  
Which Spanish *Cortois* conquer'd *Mexica*  
Then after in *Fig-leaves* and *Sicamour*,  
Men did in *Characters* their mindes explore.  
Long after, as ingenious spirits taught,  
*Rags* and old *Ropes* were to perfection wrought  
Into square formes, yet how to giue a name  
Vnto their workmanship they could not frame.  
Some Authors doe the name of *paper* gather,  
To be deriu'd from *Papa*, or a Father;  
Because a learned man of *Arrins* sect  
Did Christendome with heresie infect:  
And being in great errors much mistooke,  
Writ and diuulged in a paper booke.  
And therefore *Nymphs* bag thus much doth inferre,  
The name of *Paper* sprung from *Papa* err.  
Some hold the name doth from a *Russ* proceed,  
Which on *Egyptian Nilus* bankes doth breed:

The originall  
of Paper.



Which Rush is call'd *Papyrus*, for on it  
Th' *Egyptian* people often times had writ.

And some againe of lesse authority,  
Because it's made of Raggs and pouerty,

A poore com-  
parison.

In stead of Paper name it *Pauperis*,

But sure me thinke they take their markes amisse,

For foure and twenty Sheets doe make a *Quire*,

And twenty *Quire* doth to a *Reame* aspire,

And euery *Reame* were *Kingdomes* for their strength,

But that they want a single *L* in length.

A *Reame* of Paper therefore keepes great port,

And were a *Realme*, were't not an *L* too short.

Besides, we haue an old Prognosticator,

An erring Father, *Quasi Erra Pater*;

His euerlasting *Almanacke* tells plaine,

How many miles from hence to *Charles his waine*,

From *Luna* vnto *Mercury*, how farre

To *Venus*, *Sol*, and *Mars* that Warlike Starre:

For *Mars* to merry thunder-thumping *Ioue*,

And thence to fullen *Saturne*, high't above:

This (if I lie not) with aduice and leasure,

Old *Erra Pater* to an inch did measure.

It was time  
to remember  
my selfe, for I  
was a degree  
too high.

But hollow Muse, what, mounted to the sky?

I'll clip your soaring Plumets, for you and I

Must talke of *Paper*, *Hempe*, and such as this,

And what a rich commodity it is.

The best is I haue elbow roome to trace,

I am not tide to times, to bounds, or place,

But *Europe*, *Asia*, Sun-burnt *Affrica*,

*America*, *Terra incognita*,

The *Christians*, *Heathens*, *Pagans*, *Turkes*, and *Iewes*,

And all the world yeelds matter to my Muse:

No *Empire*, *Kingdome*, *Region*, *Prouince*, *Nation*,

No *Principality*, *Share*, nor *Corporation*:



*The praise of Hampford*

25.

No Countre, Countie, City, Hamlet, Towne,  
But must vse Paper, either White or Browne.  
No Metropolitane, or gracious Primate,  
No Village, Pallace, cottage, sanctioun, climate,  
No Age, Sex, or Degree the earth doth beare,  
But they must vse this seed to write, or weare.

Tis Paper (being printed) doth reueale  
Th'Eternall Testament of our Weale:  
In Paper is recorded the Records  
Of the Great all-Creating Lord of Lords.  
Vpon this weake ground, strongly is engrau'd  
The meanes how Man was made, and lost, and sau'd,  
Bookes Patriarchall, and Propheticall,  
Historicall, and heau'nly Mystricall,  
Euangelike, and Apostolicall,  
Writ in the sacred Text ingenerall,  
Much hath the Church (our mother) propagte d  
By venerable Fathers workes translated,  
Saint Ierome, Gregory, Ambrose, Augustine,  
Saint Basil, Bernard, Cyprian, Constantine:  
Eusebius, Epiphanius, Origen,  
Ignatius, and Lactantius (reuerend men)  
Good Luther, Caluine, learned Zwinglius,  
Melancton, Beza, Occolampadius:  
These, and a world more then I can recite,  
Their labours would haue slept in endlesse night,  
But that in Paper they preferu'd haue bin  
T'instru& vs how to shun Death, Hell and Sin.  
How should we know the change of Monarchies,  
Th'Assyrian, and the Persian Emperies,  
Great Alexanders, large, small lasting glory,  
Or Romes high Casars often changing story?  
How should Cronologies of Kings be knowne  
Of either other Countries, or our owne?

But that *Iosephus*, and *Suetonius*,  
*Pollidore*, *Virgil*, and *Ortelius*,  
*Seneca*, and *Cornelius Tacitus*  
 With *Scaliger*, and *Quintus Curtius*;  
*Plutarch*, *Guichardine*, *Gallobelgicus*,  
*Thomasio*, and *Hector Boetius*;  
*Fox*, *Cooper*, *Frosyard*, *Grafton*, *Fabian*,  
*Hall*, *Houeden*, *Languet*, *Sleiden*, *Buchanan*,  
 The Reuerend learned *Cambden*, *Selden*, *Stowe*,  
 With *Polychronicon*, and *Speed*, and *Home*,  
 With *Parris*, *Malmesbury*, and many more,  
 Whose workes in paper are yet extant store.

*Philemon Holland* (famous for translation)  
 Hath (with our owne tongue) well inricht our Nation,  
*Esope*, and *Aristotle*, *Pliny*, *Plato*,  
*Pithagoras*, and *Cicero*, and *Cato*,  
*Du Bartas*, *Ariosto*, *Martial*, *Tasso*,  
*Plantus*, and *Homer*, *Terence*, *Virgill*, *Naso*,  
*Fraunciscus Petrarck*, *Horace*, *Iunenal*,  
 Philosophers and ex'lent Poets all.

Or Orators, Historians, euery one  
 In paper made their worthy studies knowne.

Who euer went beyond our learned King  
 Whose Art throughout the spacious world doth ring:  
 Such a *Diuine*, and *Poet*; that each *State*  
 Admires him, whom they cannot imitate,

In paper many a Poet now suruiues,  
 Or else their Lines had perisht with their liues.

Old *Chaucer*, *Gower*, and *Sir Thomas More*,  
*Sir Phillip Sedney*, who the Laurell wore,  
*Spencer* and *Shakespeare* did in Art excell,  
*Sir Edward Dyer*, *Greene*, *Nash*, *Daniell*,  
*Siluester*, *Beumont*, *Sir Iohn Harrington*,  
Forgetfulnesse their workes woul ouer-run,

The praise of Hempseed.

17

But that in *Paper* they immortally  
Do live in spite of Death, and cannot die.

And many there are living at this day,  
Which doe in *paper* their true worth display :

As *Davis*, *Drayton*, and the learned *Dun*,  
*Jonson*, and *Chapman*, *Marston*, *Middleton*,  
With *Romlye*, *Fletcher*, *Wubbers*, *Messenger*,  
*Heywood*, and all the rest where e're they are,  
Must say their lines, but for the paper sheet,  
Had scarcely ground, whereon to set their feet.

Acts, Statutes, Lawes, would be consum'd and lost  
All right and order, topsy turvy tost:

Oppression, wrong, destruction and confusion,  
Were't not for *Paper*, were the the worlds confusion.

Negotiations, and Embassages

Maps, Cartes, discoueries of strange passages :

Leagues, truces, combinations, and contracts,

Ecclesiasticall Monuments and acts,

Lawes Nat'rall, Morall, Ciuill, and Diuine,

Instruct, reprove, correct, inlarge, confine.

All *Memorandums* of forepassed ages,

Sayings and Sentences of ancient *Sages*,

Astronomie, and Phisicke much renown'd,

The Liberall *Arts* rules, maxiomes, or ground,

The glory of *Apolloes* Radiant shine,

Supporter of the Sacred sisters Nine,

The *Atlas*, that all Histories doth beare

Throughout the world, here, there, and euery where.

All this and more is *Paper*, and all this,

From fruitfull *Hempseed* still produced is.

Wer't not for Rags of this admired Lint,

Dead were the admirable Art of *Print* :

Nor could the *Printers* with their Formes and Prooses

Worke for their owne, or other mens behoofes.

*Ositago*

*Octavo, Quarto, Folio, or Sixtence:*

*Twelves*, nor yet *Sixty foure* would ere be scene,  
Nor could their *Pages* be the meanes to feed  
And cloath them, and their Families at need.

The *Stationer* that liues, and gaineth well,  
And doth the word of God, both buy and sell,  
I know not which way he could liue and eate,  
If printed Paper did not yeeld him meate.

Some foolish Knaue ( I thinke ) at first began  
The slander that three *Taylers* are one man:  
When many a *Taylers* Boy, I know hath beene,  
Hath made tall men much fearefull to be scene.  
The Boy hath had no weapon, nor no skill,  
But armed with a *Taylers* Paper-bill,  
Which being edgd with *Items*, *staffings*, *facings*,  
With *Bumbast*, *Cottens*, *linings*, and with *lacings*,  
The Boy hath made a Man his head to hide,  
And not the bare sight of the Bill abide.  
When Boyes with Paper-bills, frights men so sore,  
'Tis doubtlesse but their masters can doe more.  
And many millions, both of Boyes and men,  
Doe onely liue, and flourish with the *Pen*:  
Yet though the *Pen* be through the world renownd,  
'Twere nothing except *Paper* were the ground.

All Lawyers from the high'st degree or marke,  
Vnto the lowest *Barrester* or *Clarke*,  
How could they doe if *Paper* did not beare  
The memory of what they speake or heare?  
And Iustice *Clarks* could hardly make strong *warrants*  
For Theeues, or Bauds, or Whores, or such like arrants,  
But that in *paper* 'tis their onely vse  
To write, and right the Common-wealths abuse.

Thus much of *paper* here my *Muse* hath said,  
But yet if all it's profits were displaid,

*The praise of Hempseed.*

29

Ten Paper mills could not afford enough  
To write vpon, in praise of writing stuffe.

I therefore to conclude, this much will note

How I of Paper lately made a Boat,

And how in forme of Paper I did rowe

From *London* vnto *Quinborough* Ile shewe.

I and a Vintner (*Roger Bird* by name)

(A man whom Fortune neuer yet could tame)

Tooke ship vpon the vigill of Saint *Iames*,

And boldly ventur'd downe the Riuer *Thames*,

Lauing and cutting through each raging billow,

(In such a Boat which neuer had a fellow)

Hauing no kinde of mettle, or no wood

To helpe vs either in our Ebbe, or Flood:

For as our Boat was Paper, so our Oares

Were Stock-fish, caught nere to the *Island* shores.

Thus being Oar'd and shipt away we went,

Dringing t'wixt *Essex* ealues and sheepe of *Kent*:

Our Boat a female vessell gan to leake

Being as female vessels are, most weake,

Yet was she able (which did grieue me sore)

To drowne *Hodge Bird*, and I and forty more.

The water to the Paper being gor,

In one halfe houre our Boat began to rot:

The *Thames* (most lib'rall) fill'd her to the halues,

Whilst *Hodge* and I sat liquor'd to the calues.

In which extremity I thought it fit

To put in vse a stratagem of wit,

Which was, eight Bullocks bladders we had bought

Pustt stifly full with winde, bound fast and tought,

Which on our Boat within the Tide we t'ide,

Of each side foure, vpon the outward side.

The water still rose higher by degrees,

In three miles going, almost to our knees.

\* Stock-fishes  
vnbeaten,  
bound fast to  
two canes  
with pack-  
thread.

Our rotten bottome all to tatters sell,  
 And left our boat as bottomlesse as hell.  
 And had not bladders borne vs stiffly vp,  
 We there had tasted of deaths fatall cup.

And now (to make some sport) I'll make it knowne  
 By whose strong breath my bladders all were blowne:  
 One by a cheuerell conscienc'd Vsurer,

We had more  
 windes then  
 the Compas,  
 for wee had  
 eight seuerall  
 windes in our  
 bladders, and  
 the 23. of the  
 Compass: in  
 all 40.

Another by a drunken Bag-piper.

The third a Whore, the fourth a Pander blew,

The fift a Cutpurse, of the cursed crew,

The sixt, a post-Knight that for fine groats gaine

Would sweare, and for foure groats forswear't againe.

The seauenth was an Informer, one that can

By informations begger many a man.

The eight was blowne vp by a swearing Royster,

That would cut throats, as soone as cate an Oyster.

We being in our watry businesse bound,

And with these wicked winds encompass'd round,

For why such breaths as those, fit fortunes euer,

They end with hanging, but with drowning neuer:

And sure the bladders bore vs vp so tight,

As if they had said, Gallowes claime thy right.

This was the cause that made vs seeke about,

To finde these light Tiburnian vapours out.

We could haue had of honest men good store,

As Watermen, and Smiths, and many more,

But that we knew it must be hanging breath

That must preserue vs from a drowning death.

Carefully  
 and discreet-  
 ly provided.

Yet much we fear'd the graues our end would be

Before we could the towne of *Granesend* see:

Our boat drunke deeply with her dropsie thirst,

And quast as if she would her bladders burst,

Whilst we within fixe inches of the brim

(Full of salt water) downe (halfe sunk) did swim.

*The praise of Hempseed.*

33

Thousands of people all the shores did hide,  
And thousands more did meet vs in the tide  
With Scullers, Oares, with shipboats, and with Barges  
To gaze on vs they put themselves to charges.

Thus did we driue, and driue the time away,  
Till pitchy night, had driuen away the day:  
The Sonne vnto the vnder world was fled:  
The Moone was loath to rise, and kept her bed,  
The Starres did twinkle, but the *Eben* clouds  
Their light, our sight, obscures and ouershadows.  
The tossing billowes made our boat to caper,  
Our paper forme scarce being forme of paper,  
The water foure mile broad, no Oares to row,  
Night darke, and where we were we did not know.  
And thus t'wixt doubt and feare, hope and despaire  
I fell to worke, and *Roger Bird* to praier.  
And as the surges vp and downe did heaue vs,  
He cride most feruently, good Lord receiue vs.  
I praid as much, but I did worke and pray,  
And he did all he could to pray and play.  
Thus three houres darkling I did puzzell and toile,  
Sows'd and well pick'd, chase, and muzzell and moile,  
Drencht with the swassing waues, and stewd in sweat,  
Scarce able with a Cane our boat to set,  
At last (by Gods great mercy and his might)  
The morning gan to chase away the night.  
*Aurora* made vs soone perceiue and see  
We vvere three miles below the towne of *Lee*,  
And as the morning more and more did cleare,  
The sight of *Quinbrough* Castle did appeare,  
That was the famous monumentall marke,  
To which we striu'd to bring our rotten barke:  
The onely ayme of our intents and scope,  
The Ancker that brought *Roger* to the Hope.

He dwelleth  
now at the  
Hope on the  
Banck-side.

Thus

*The praise of Hemp-seed.*

A dry-house  
had beene  
worth the ha-  
ving then.

Thus we from Saturday at evening Tide,  
Till Monday morne did on the water bide.  
In rotten paper and in boistrous weather,  
Darke nights, through wet, and toyled altogether.  
But being come to *Quinborough*, and aland,  
I tooke my fellow *Roger* by the hand,  
And both of vs ere we two steps did goe,  
Gave thanks to God that had preseru'd vs so:  
Confessing that his mercy vs protected  
When as we least deseru'd and lesse expected.  
The Mayor of *Quinborough* in loue affords  
To entertaine vs, as we had beene Lords:  
It is a yearely Feast kept by the Mayor,  
And thousand people thither doth repaire,  
From Townes and Villages that's neere about,  
And t'was our luck to come in all this rout.  
I'n'streete, Bread, Beere, and Oysters is their meat,  
Which freely, friendly, thot-free all doe eat.  
But *Hodge* and I were men of rank and note,  
We to the Mayor gaue our aduentrous Boat:  
The which (to glorifie that towne of *Kent*)  
He meant to hang vp for a monument.  
He to his house inuited vs to dine,  
Where we had cheare on cheare, and wine on wine,  
And drinke, and fill, and drinke, and drinke and fill,  
With welcome vpon welcome, welcome still.  
But whilst we at our dinners thus were merry,  
The Country people tore our tatter'd Wherry  
In manmoocks peece-meale, in a thousand scraps,  
Wearing the reliques in their hats and caps.  
That neuer Traytors corps could more be scatter'd  
By greedy Ravens, then our poore boat was tatter'd:  
Which when the Mayor did know, he presently  
Tooke patients what he could not remedy.



## The praise of Hempseed.

33

The next day we with thanks left *Quinbroughs* coast,  
And hyed vs home on horse-backe all in post.  
Thus Master *Birds* strange voyage was begun,  
With greater danger was his money won.  
And those that doe his coyne from him detaine,  
(Which he did win with perill and much paine)  
Let them not thinke that e're 'twill doe them good,  
But eat their marrow, and consume their blood.  
The worme of conscience gnaw them euery day  
That haue the meanes, and not the will to pay.  
Those that are poore, and cannot, let them be  
Both from the debt and malediction free.

Thus (I in part) what *Hempseed* is haue showne,  
*Cloth, Ropes, Rags, Paper*, poorly is made knowne.  
How it maintaines each Kingdome, State, and Trade,  
And how in *Paper* we a voyage made.

I therefore to conclude, thinke not amisse  
To write something of *Thames*, or *Thamasis*.  
*Maze, Rubicon, Elue, Volga, Ems, Scamander,*  
*Loyre, Moldoue, Tyber, Albia, Seyne, Meander,*  
*Hidaspes, Indus, Inachus, Tanaies,*  
(Our *Thames* true praise is farre beyond their praise)

Great *Euphrates, Iordane, Nilus, Ganges, Poe,*  
*Tagus and Tigris, Thames* doth far out-goe.

*Danubia, Ister, Xanthus, Lesus, Rhine,*  
*Wey, Semeerne, Amon, Medway, Isis, Tine,*  
*Dee, Ouse, Trent, Humber, Eske, Tweed, Annan, Tay,*  
*Firth* (that braue Demy-ocean) *Clide, Dan, Spay,*  
All these are great in fames, and great in names,  
But great'st in goodnesse is the Riuer *Thames*.

From whose *Diurnall* and *Nocturnall* flood  
Millions of soules haue fowell, cloathes and food:  
Which from twelue houres to twelue doth stil succeed,  
Hundreds, and thousands both to cloath and feed.

The names of  
the most fa-  
mous Riues  
in the world.

Of Watermen, their seruants, children, wiues;  
 It doth maintaine neere twenty thousand liues.  
 I can as quickly number all the Starres  
 As reckon all things in particulars:  
 Which by the bounty of th' All-gining giuer  
 Proceeds from this most matchlesse, famous Riuer.  
 And therefore 'tis great pittie, Shelfe or Sand  
 From the forgetfull and ingratefull Land  
 Should it's cleere Crystall entrailes vilefie,  
 Or soyle such purenesse with impurity.  
 What doth it doe, but serues our full contents,  
 Brings food, and for it, takes our excrements,  
 Yeelds vs all plenty, worthy of regard  
 And Dirt, and Mucke we giue it for reward?

Oh what a world of Poets, which excell

Riuers fabled  
 or feigned to  
 be in Hell.

In Art, haue fabled Riuer out of Hell,  
 As *Erebus*, *Cocitus*, *Acheron*,  
*Stix*, *Orchus*, *Tartarus*, and *Phlegeton*,  
 And all Infernall *Barathrums* Damn'd Creekes,  
 With *Charons* passengers, and searefull shriekes,  
 Who writing, drinking *Lethe* to their shames  
 Vnthankfully they haue forgot the *Thames*.  
 But noble *Thames*, whilest I can hold a Pen,  
 I will diuulge thy glory vnto men:  
 Thou in the morning when my coyne is scant  
 Before the euening dost supply my want.  
 If like a *Bee* I seeke to liue and thriue,  
 Thou wilt yeeld Hony freely to my Hiue,  
 If like a *Drone* I will not worke for meat,  
 Thou (in discretion) giu'st me nought to eat.  
 Thou the true rules of Iustice dost obserue,  
 To feed the Lab'rer, let the idle sterue,  
 And I so many faithlesse men haue found,  
 As any man that liues vpon the ground,

The praise of Hempseed.

35

Who haue done me wrong, and themselues no good,  
 And swore, and forswore in their damned mood:  
 Whilst I (fond) haue lent and giuen away  
 To such as not so much as thanks will pay,  
 For shame and modesty I name them not,  
 But let the blacke soule beare the impure blot  
 Of falshood, periury, and odious lies  
 That Duels in shape of mankinde can deuise.  
 If these lines happen to their hands to come,  
 They'le pick their teeth, looke downward, and cry hum,  
 But goodnesse how should euer I expect,  
 From such who doe so true a friend neglect.  
 And therefore *Thames*, with thee I haue decreed  
 Because thou neuer faildest me in my need,  
 To thee, to thee againe I doe retire  
 And with thee Ile remaine, till life expire.  
 Thou art my Mistresse, and oft-times from thee  
 Thy liberality hath flowed to me,  
 And for thou alwayes giuest me meanes to liue  
 My selfe (most thankfully) my selfe doe giue.  
*Momus*, thou son of *Somnus*, and of *Nox*,  
 Take not my Lines all for a *Paradox*:  
 Formost of them seeme true, and I doe rue  
 That many of them I doe know too true.  
 Sleepe *Momus* sleepe, in *Murcus* slothfull bed,  
 Let *Morpheus* lock thy true within thy head:  
 Or if thou needst wilt prate, prate to this end  
 To giue commend to that thou canst not mend.  
 'Tis not a gilded *Gull*, made vp with oathes,  
 That sweares, and damns himselfe into good cloathes,  
 That weares his Cloake beneath his skirts and waste,  
 'Cause men may see how hee is trust and brad:  
 Such a fantasticke *Ass*, I care not for,  
 He flouts my lines, and I doe him abhor.

The Oare  
 hath foure or  
 five vertues,  
 first, it is  
 healthfull,  
 second; it a-  
 voids bad  
 company,  
 third, it keeps  
 men sober,  
 fourth, it gets  
 money, fifth, it  
 auoides ex-  
 pences: all  
 which ver-  
 tues I will  
 put in prac-  
 tise and fall  
 to rowing.

My

My poore Inuention no way is supplid  
 With cutting large thengs from anothers hide  
 I haue not stolne a Sillable, or Letter  
 From any man, to make my booke seeme better  
 But Similies, Comparisons, each line,  
 Indifferent, good or bad, they all are mine,  
 Yet I confesse I haue read many a booke  
 From whence I haue some obseruations tooke  
 Which I make vse of, as occasions touch  
 And any Poet (I thinke) will doe as much.  
 I will not brag, to all men be it knowne,  
 (By learning) I haue nothing of mine owne  
 But had I tongues and languages, like many  
 Sure I should filch and steale as much as any.  
 But like an Artles Poet, I say still  
 I am a *Taylor*, true against my will,  
 Thus ending, (like to *Iasons* Golden-fleece)  
 This Worke of *Hempseed*, is my Master-piece.

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FINIS.

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